

# THE WIDOW OF RUIZ INTERVIEWS THE WIFE OF RIVERA.

The Cuban Patriot's Fate Unknown to the Latter.

In a pleasant home at Central Valley, in the family of Mr. Tomas Estrada Palma, lives Mrs. Rius Rivera, wife of the brave Cuban General now wounded and a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards.

Surrounded by friends who have guarded her from knowledge of her husband's misfortune, she is as merry as ever a soldier's wife could be.

My, but she is proud of him—that soldier husband, who took the great Maceo's place in the most dangerous part of Cuba and fought himself into the knowledge of the world and gratitude of Cuba until he fell, torn and bleeding, into the clutches of the enemy!

And she does not know a word of it. She laughs all day long and reads the letters Gen. Rivera found time to send from the very thick of battles, and always she talks of him—his courage is her boast, his skill her pride. Next to the joy of being with him is her confidence in his success. She looks forward to a reunion when the war is done and does not dream that serious misfortune can come to him.

Ah, the poor young woman! It was agony to listen to her high hopes and know that the hero and object of them all was lying in a Spanish prison, sick with wounds, unable to communicate with her, maybe under doom of death. At best dependent on Spanish mercy for life and honor. I could not tell her the dreadful news. Those with whom she makes her home have decided that it is mercy to spare her the suspense and anxiety as long as possible.

While General Rius Rivera's fate is in doubt she will remain in happy ignorance.

If he is sentenced to death or his case is otherwise determined by the Spaniards then they will tell her.

God send words for the one that must break the news!

She is a Cuban chief's wife, and the insurrection is part of her creed, though there is no Cuban blood in her veins. The misfortune that has overtaken her husband she may always have considered possible. It was otherwise with me. My poor husband was an American citizen. We had nothing to do with the war. Ricardo Ruiz paid no attention to politics in Cuba, but they took him from my side, locked him alone in a dungeon and murdered him there. I was full of my own suffering and sorrow when I called on Mrs. Rivera.

Mrs. Palma presented me. "There is no need of an introduction," Mrs. Rivera said, taking me in her arms and kissing me on both cheeks. "I recognized you when you drove up from your place in the Journal. We know your and yours, my poor friend. It must be hard, so hard for you!"

So she sympathized with me and comforted me, and all the time I knew of her misfortunes, so nearly akin to my own, and she did not know. She is a fair-faced woman, a strong young Hondurana. She looks and dresses more like an American than one of us. She has fine eyes, bright

with intelligence. She is of quicker mind than most Spanish-American women, and I feared her keenness would penetrate me and discover the secret I was charged to keep from her.

"Tell me how came your husband to go to the war?" I asked her.

"He felt it his duty," she answered. "He was in the ten years' war, and he nursed the sorrow of the failure of the revolution all these years. When the present war broke out he was notified with other patriots, that Cuba needed him, and he answered the call."

"We were living comfortably in British Honduras. We were not rich, but my hus-

band's general merchandise store maintained us well. We were very happy and contented, just we two, for, though we have been married ten years, we have not been blessed with children. The letter came and he showed it to me.

"I knew what had been his hope during all those years, and realized that the time had come when he would leave me."

"But," I said, "didn't you oppose his going. Were you not afraid?"

I know little of soldiers. It seemed wonderful to me that this gentle woman should speak so calmly about the husband she cared so much for, leaving her side and plunging into war, when every hour was

full of peril. You see I knew as little about soldiers' wives as I do of soldiers. This woman has something in her different from most of us, something that sustains her. It seems to me that she shares her brave husband's spirit, and even feels the fascination they say inspires such as he to risk their lives for glory or country.

She laughed merrily at my question.

"What Juan does must be right," she said. "It was his duty to go, and it became my duty to make it as easy for him as possible. He could not live in peace and safety knowing that his old brothers in arms were at their posts and striving for Cuba. It did not need his 'I will go, Aurora,' to tell

me of his resolution. I knew it as soon as I read the call to arms. We came to New York a year ago. Juan sold everything, his store, his goods, his accounts, our furniture—all.

Before he went to the war Juan took me around this country sightseeing. We went to Niagara and stayed there some time. He knew it was hard for me to part with him, and must be this little bit of pleasure was a sort of bribe. How the time flew! The weeks went by like days, and presently we were back in New York again.

"Then Juan went to the Cuban Junta and offered himself. He did not ask for any

rank, but told them to put him where his machete could find plenty of employment. They gave him a colonel's commission. I believe, and ordered him to serve under his old friend, General Antonio Maceo. He was delighted with this assignment. We left me in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Palma. Then it was a kiss and good-by, and he was off to the South to board the Three Friends.

We received telegraphic notice of the sailing of the ship. There were some anxious days. The newspapers were full of the attempts to intercept the filibuster. American war ships were patrolling the Florida coasts, and on the other side the Spaniards, warned of the departure of the vessel, were

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"Ah! I thought, my four hopes be fulfilled! And may this sweet woman's loved husband come out of the Spanish prison a whole, strong man, and be restored to her."

RITA L. V. DE RUIZ.



GEN. RIVERA'S WIFE TELLING MRS. RUIZ SHE BELIEVES THE GENERAL IS SAFE.

THE story of how two little lads, each representing grades of the social scale as far apart as the two poles, saw and enjoyed the circus.

One small man was from Murray Hill; the other's home was down in Cherry street.

One was the personification of careless, indulgent, luxurious youth; the other a typical street Arab, happy-go-lucky, mischievous, tattered and picturesque—the product of the tenement house environment.

Their comments and criticisms of the Greatest Show on Earth are here faithfully reproduced.

First—Our little Murray Hill man.

Gilbert White, although but ten years of age, has seen as much of this world as have many men of thirty. He has crossed the ocean a dozen times and is as familiar with the hotels, museums, picture galleries and theatres of London and Paris as he is with those of New York.

This little cosmopolitan is the son of a successful man, distinguished in educational circles, and therefore represents not only wealth, but culture of the best sort. In Gilbert's beautiful home uptown are found not only costly furniture, rugs, hangings and rare bric-a-brac, but Corots and Daubignys and Elstirs.

From his mother the boy inherits great musical talent and frequents the grand opera like a flaneur. He is the editor of a boy's newspaper, and is an athlete of no mean reputation at the military school where he is being carefully educated. Moreover, this juvenile Admiration Crichton is as witty as a post-prandial speaker, and has the face and coloring of a cherub. His manners are those of a man of society, perfect, languid, and, it must be confessed, a bit blasé. Gilbert is often bored, but his airs of indifferent languor are simply delicious.

"Gilbert," I asked, when he received me in his mother's elegant drawing room with a manner a clubman might envy and copy, "will you go to Barnum's with me?"

"I shall be charmed," he replied, in sweet, cool, courteous tones, but without betraying one trace of that enthusiasm one would naturally expect in a boy just invited to the circus.

We made the rounds of the basement before taking our seats in the Garden. Master Gilbert was rather interested in some of the people below stairs and condescended to the jugglers with good-natured

and at the same time more depressing than the palpable and thorough disillusionment of this fair youngster. No little cries and murmurs of joy or amazement issued from the scornful lips of my small

With the advent of the lady clown the nose of my fastidious little escort went a shade nearer the zenith. "I think they are disgusting," said he. And when one turned a somersault and let out a little, thin,

little demon—a very Bedlam of fifth and noise and stench and profanity.

I returned with Charlie Peters, son of a longshoreman, to his home to obtain his mother's permission. In a poor little stuffy

When a little swell in white duck trousers, pale blue sailor collar and white straw hat with blue ribbon, walked by us on his way to his seat my Arab shied his rabbit at him and shouted: "Hey! see de little

companion, "did yuse see him bow to me—de gny vid de flag on his nut?"

One of the giant elephants was a trifle unruly and on being sharply prodded by his trainer, trumpeted with rage. "Hear him whistle too his trunk!" said Charlie, nudging me violently.

When Rose Wentworth and Josie Ashton went capering and prancing round their respective rings, I asked: "Which one do you like best, Charlie?" "He er," pointing his rabbit toward Rose. Just at that moment she turned her wonderful somersault. "Ge e, yuse oughter see de tumblinest she done den!"

"I saw it."

"Say, wasn't it a peach?"

The bareback jockey race came on, the one which Gilbert had damned with faint praise the day before. The boy at my side was wild with enthusiasm. He stood up and let out a whoop which might have been heard in Albany. "Look at em! Look! Look! Ah! Wot de—hey! Dat bloke got de races," and sank back exhausted in his seat.

When M. Leon La Roche disappeared in his "celebrated automatic wonder globe" and began to "ascend a spiral incline without visible means of propulsion," as the programme glibly puts it, my little gamlin turned to a stately lady sitting next him and cried: "Git on to his nibs crawling in his shell." And the stately dame laughed behind her fan until she was scarlet in the face.

Murray Hill and Cherry Hill had one ground in common. When I asked Charlie: "Do you like the woman clown?" with a snort of contempt, he answered: "Nix, she's no good on earth."

After every number the boy turned an anxious face to me: "Is it over now?" he would ask, and when I assured him that his happiness was to last a little longer he would again turn his face, aglow with satisfaction and joy, to the scene before him.

But every beautiful experience comes at last to an end. And to Charlie Peters, of Cherry Hill, finally came the end of I hope, the happiest day of his starved, little life.

When the last proud curvetting horse had trotted from the ring, when the last graceful fairy had kissed her hands to the crowd, as the audience slowly rose, my poor little boy, rose, too, and, turning up a sober face to me, said in a choked, still, small voice, "It's all over."

I took him to Third avenue and started him on his homeward journey. I looked after him as the crowd surged behind me, lost him for a moment, then saw him again—a pathetic little figure clasping a white toy rabbit close to his tattered jacket. EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.



The Little Murray Hill Boy.

bonhomie. His personality was so striking that many of the circus employees judged each other to look at the handsome child, who snatched from cage to cage regarding the animals with a critical and dispassionate survey.

But he soon warbled of the pliant crowd and evil-smelling atmosphere and said: "Don't you think it would be a very good thing to get out of this beastly place?"

I took the hint and my charge upstairs at the same moment.

When we had settled ourselves for the afternoon Gilbert critically examined his programme. "Same old thing," he remarked, wearily—"chariot races! Hump! I am sick of those old chariot races. Why don't these circus people get up something new, I wonder?"

The first few acts of the performance were received with chilling disdain by my small critic. He at last condescended to say apropos of one of the white-headed buffoons: "Do you see that clown yonder? I saw him last year in the Cirque Nouveau in Paris—he's rather clever."

Then Gilbert yawned:

I wish I might reproduce that "rather clever," accompanied by the yawn of ennui. Nothing could have been droller

## MURRAY HILL AND CHERRY HILL AT THE CIRCUS.

The Boy Brought Up in Luxury, the East Side Street Arab and What They Thought of the Show at Madison Square.

companion. His figure was never once tense with excitement. He lolled back in his seat with the air of one simply bored to death.

When the rained dogs ran yelping about the circle and gray-haired men and women laughed at the antics of the canine clown my companion sniggered mockingly:

"Huh! There's that stocken old dog trick again. It looks very funny to see him cut across lots like that, but, of course, it's taught him beforehand."

The leaping contest came on. Now, Gilbert is a crack athlete for a boy of his age, and has won several prizes at the Berkeley games. He is, therefore, a connoisseur.

He now displayed the first interest he had shown since he entered the Garden. Drawing off his gloves, he bent forward and watched the first pink-trunked and beshanked contestant hurl himself through the air. When the last pair of flesh-colored tights had ceased to tie themselves in bow knots over the backs of the half-dozen elephants Gilbert settled back and, turning to me, with an air of ineffable scorn, mingled with superb contempt, said:

"Do you know I could turn a better somersault than those without half trying?"

It seemed to me that the bareback jockey race was hotly contested, but Gilbert only smiled faintly, and remarked: "Well, that was fairly good. As a rule, those fellows don't half try, you know, but I think they did exert themselves a little to-day."

When Miles, Dair and Tunor did their "startling and unique" aerial specialties, for the life of me I could not help a groan and shudder. My up-to-date, blasé little man looked at me commiseratingly, and, I very much fear, contemptuously: "Dear me!" said he, "your nerves must be frightfully out of order. Why, there's nothing so very difficult or dangerous about those trapeze acts. Just let yourself go, and there you are."

feminine caterwaul of triumph and then strutted away, with her hands distending her baggy trousers, the boy turned to me, and there was a cold contempt on every aristocratic feature of his fair young face as he said: "Perhaps you think that's funny?"

"No, Gilbert, I do not."

"Well, I'm glad you don't. The ring is no place for a female."

How I wished Mary Ellen Lease could hear this small opponent of the advancement of the New Woman.

When the "thunder and terrific Roman Coliseum chariot race" shook the earth under us my small sage absolutely sneered. "Now you'll see the woman win. You know she always does. It wouldn't do for the man to beat. He would be discharged."

"The most exalted and majestic equine entertainment ever devised by man" really pleased Gilbert, and when it was over he stood up and languidly clapped his hands.

"That was really very good," he observed. "Every horse was a beauty, and it was very cleverly done."

"Did you enjoy it, Gilbert?" I asked as we took our way homeward.

"Very much, indeed," he said politely. "Only, you see, all circuses are alike."

On a side street we passed an old woman grinding an organ. After we had gone a few steps Gilbert paused. Then slipping his hand confidentially in mine he whispered: "If you don't mind I should like to go back and give my car fare to that old woman. I can walk home, you know."

Dear little man! Culture, luxury and indulgence had not robbed him of a kind and generous heart.

I like to remember him, not as the disillusioned, enured, blasé young swell, scoffing at the entertainment most boys of his years love, but as bestowing alms with an air worthy of a prince of the blood royal upon a poor, ragged, mumbling old organ grinder.

It was down between Oak and Cherry streets that I found my other little man.

Down in a region where an open and reeking sewer polluted the air of the narrow street; where the sun beat fiercely upon the dirty wayfarers; where slatternly women leaned from their windows and scolded their babies toddling on the steps; where vicious-faced men cursed and swore and spat upon the ground; where children ran hither around you shrieking like so many



The Little Cherry Hill Boy.

sailormans. Git on ter his straw kady dat fell off der roof."

"Would you like to be dressed like a sailor, Charlie?"

"You bet," in prompt and decisive tones. "The clowns entered, and his joy knew no bounds. "Look at de fat belly on him!" he yelled with the direct simplicity of childhood. And after the whacking of the dummy, his laugh rang out like a peal of bells. At this moment a party of fashionably dressed people entered and took seats near us. Charlie turned to me with genuine commiseration in his glance. "Dose folks missed dat," he said pityingly. "Dat's too bad. He wan't no fake man."

With the grand entry, the poor child was in a transport of excitement. Every nerve in his little, thin, badly nourished body thrilled with ecstasy. He sat upon the edge of his seat nervously clasping and unclasping his hands, a perfect contrast to the small flaneur who the day before had lolled back in his chair almost bored to death at the same entertainment.

As one of the clowns went by, he saw the child, and smiling under his white paint, took off his hat and bowed with mock gravity, displaying a bald head, with one little tuft of hair. "Hey!" shrieked my

seats in that section.